

MONOPOLIZA:

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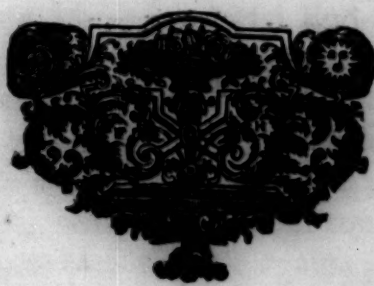
P O U L T E R E R.

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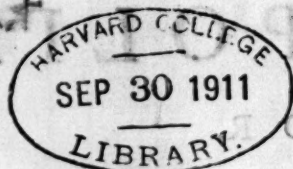


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POPULTEER

AN

EPIC POEM

BOOK OF THE



LONDON:

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MONOPOLIZA.

WH Y Morn no more, the drowsy Huntsman
 charms,
 Wak'd by the founding Horn, or Dogs Alarms ;
 Why thus in mad ASSOCIATIONS join'd,
 Us'ers, Wits, Lords and Priests starve half Mankind ;
 Why PLENTY mourns amidst Triumphant Foes,
 The mystick Cause, O Sacred Maid disclose.

Y E social Few, who sigh for others Pains,
 In whose firm Breasts, the *Roman* Soul remains,
 Attend the Muse, by Patriot Love inspir'd,
 Not sway'd by *Party*, or by *Zealots* hir'd ;
 A Friend to Courts, whilst Virtue bears the Sway,
 And *BRUNSWICK* beams around his heav'nly Ray ;
 Illustrious *GEORGE* ! his People's Sire and Friend,
 At once a Man, and Man's immortal End !
 Tow'ring to Heav'n, he views th'expanded World,
 Sees dread Confusion, o'er each Climate hurl'd ;
 For thee *BRITANNIA* then, the Monarch sighs,
 Bids Tumult cease, and ev'ry Blessing rise ;
 DISCORD withdraws, with all her boist'rous Train,
 And circling Pleasures blest the Isle again.
 So the supream of Gods, SATURNIAN JOVE,
 (When ALL in Night, and one vast Chaos strove)
 With sacred Grief the confus'd Strife survey'd,
 " Cease, cease, ye jarring Atoms cease", he said ;
 Swift through the Mass, th'immortal Mandate run,
 Down sunk the Earth, and sprightly rose the Sun ;

Smooth

Smooth flow'd the Waves, Time laughing led the Day ;
 Stars blaz'd by Night, and Chaos roll'd away ;
 Peace, Plenty, Love, the new made Wonder blest,
 And universal Hymns th'all-making Pow'r, confests'd.

How harsh the Theme to draw the Satyr's Pen,
 Plunge it in Gaul, and Scourge the Race of Men ;
 Yet when each Virtue, consecrates a Throne,
 And Cares superior make the Monarch known ;
 When Subjects *frown* where Heav'n and BRUNSWICK smile,
 And ev'ry Whim disturbs the quiet Isle ;
 Ye Sons of Pow'r, when this is BRITAIN's Fate,
 Oh say ! shall none the glaring Truths relate ?
 Shall none attempt in VIRTUE's Cause to draw ?
 (In VIRTUE's Cause what Poet dreads the Law ?)
 ---There shall---impartial as the Scales of Heav'n,
 To whom the Ballance of the Year is giv'n ;
 A Muse attempts in this her first Essay,
 To praise her KING, his SUBJECTS Faults display.

IN gloomy Meads, where *Styx* her Torrent rolls,
 And Pangs Eternal rack departed Souls ;
 Where baleful *Night*, dread Queen, for ever reigns,
 And beams black Horrors o'er the darken'd Plains,
 A dreary Waste extends her barren Sides,
 Where ev'ry Fiend, fast bound by Hell, resides ;
 For ever here they struggle with their Chains,
 And howl impatient for the wisht-for Plains ;
 Furious they strive ! 'till licens'd by a Nod,
 They rush impetuous and obey the God !
 With Lightning Speed o'er less'ning *Styx* they fly,
 Heaps fall on Heaps, whole slaughter'd Nations die :
 Thus the fierce Tyger on parch'd *Afric's* Sands,
 Writh'd in some Net, rare Toil of *Sylvan* Hands !
 Foams ! Paws ! and bellows to the Wilds around,
 And nodding Mountains eccho to the Sound ;
 This Way and that, by Turns he bounds along,
 Rage strings his Nerves, dire Hunger makes him strong :
 When Chance some Dæmon, Foe to human Race,
 Frees his huge Members from th'entangled Place ;

Swift

Swift as a Tempest, o'er the Sands he flies,
 And rising Whirlwinds blacken all the Skies;
 Herds, Dogs, and Swains in mixt Confusion fall,
 And one vast Ruin overwhelms 'em All!

SUPERIOR to the rest, in these curst Plains,
 Hell's chief Delight, MONOPOLIZA Reigns;
 Thy Banks, O *Styx*! first shew'd her deadly Charms,
 Fierce burnt the God, and leapt into her Arms,
 Pleas'd at the Chance, she coyly rush'd away,
 The God pursu'd her to the Verge of Day,
 When turning thus, the Crafty Fury cried,
Here try at once thy mighty Love and Pride;
Reign thou below---Yon fruitful Fields be mine---
Confirm her Pray'r, MONOPOLIZA's thine:
 He swore---*Styx* Trembles as it rolls along,
 And screening Mountains round the Lovers throng;
 Still o'er the World MONOPOLIZA reigns,
 Still fix'd in Hell her Throne, so Fate ordains.

IN a low Vale her wond'rous Temple stands,
 The Toil of Hell's great Mischief-working Hands,
 Million of Doors, their Rav'nous Jaws unfold,
 Sparkling with Adamant, and well-wrought Gold;
 Dreadful they Gape! While down the Valleys Sides,
 Promiscuous Wealth, promiscuously Glides,
 Swift through the Doors the Waves of Riches roll,
 And glitt'ring on the Top appears---"The whole."
 Within the Dome what Wonders strike our Eyes,
 Here lengthen Isles, There the huge Columns rise!
 Here fretted Roofs with stars immortal glow,
 There Aromatick Streams, through Silver Channels flow,
 Here golden Floors, to ev'ry Step rebound,
 There wid'ning Arches catch the growing Sound;
 Here breathing Busts, in beauteous Order stand,
 Lively as *Jove* from *Phidias*' Godlike Hand.
 See here a Prelate, *Rome's* Imperial Lord;
 Thy Pardon Heav'n to purpled Knaves afford;
 Around him see the Fools their Tribute pay,
 Lo how he wafts 'em through the milky Way;

What Churches rise ! how heaves his lab'ring Breast !
 See how he swells, with GOD-LIKE Rage oppress !
 How rolls his Eyes, around the spacious Ball,
 Bids Heav'n adieu, and grasps the mighty ALL.

TRANSPORTED in a Rage, here haughty *Spain*,
 Bounds o'er the Torrent of the boist'rous Main,
 Sees newfound Worlds ! new *Mexico's* arise !
 And GOLD for thee, the World, and Heav'n Defies.

HERE treach'rous *France*, a smiling Visage rears,
 And honest, as the first damn'd *Snake* appears,
 Longing he views a Diadem above,
 And gently draws his Sword whilst proff'ring Love,
 'The World's great Rule, his haughty Bosom fires,
 At this he Grasps ! at this GREAT GEORGE aspires !
 Yet such his Fears, so mean his dastard Soul,
 He steals, what AMMON nobly-won THE WHOLE.

Here gently wafted by a prosp'rous Gale,
 A Crafty *Dutchman* cries---" They'll soon be stale,
 " So hungry *Reynard*, swell'd with manly Pride,
 " Condemn'd the Fruit, th'unbending Boughs denied,
 " Let them my Friends, like Asses ever Toil,
 " Why grieve ?---Poor SIMON never caught the Spoil ;
 " 'Tis WE, my Friends, must ev'ry Buss supply !
 " Ruin'd by us what BRITON dares reply ?"
 For ever thus he grasps at gen'ral Trade,
 And thinks the World alone for him was made.

HERE BRITAIN too, thy gen'rous Sons are seen,
 With rosy Jowls, and *Falstaff's* jolly Mien ;
 What Heaps of *Gallia's* Toys ! see how they glare ;
 This buys a *Dukedom*, that betrays a Fair ;
 Hail Sons of Wealth ! Ye Islanders all hail !
 Still may your Godlike Love, for *France* prevail ;
 May GALLIA's Toys, by BRITISH Chiefs be worn,
 Long as returning Light, shall bless the Morn ;
 Till BRITAIN knows no more her Rights to keep,
 And GALLIA reigns dread Empress of the Deep.

FULL in the midst, a wond'rous Throne appears,
 Not rais'd by mortal Hands! The Toil of Years!
 Twelve Golden Spires th'immortal Weight sustain,
 Firm as the Oak, great Father of the Plain;
 Around its Sides ARABIA's Monsters rise
 In Sculpture rough and dreadful to the Eyes;
 High on the Top MONOPOLIZA's seen,
 Superior Horrors own her Hell's grim Queen!
 A hundred Hands hang down each scaly Side,
 And hissing Snakes around her Temple's glide.
 A Tyger's Heart beams Lightning from her Breast,
 And dire OPPRESSION, Nods upon her Crest;
 Forth from her Jaws eternal Flames arise,
 And blasted TRADE, at each Eruption dies;
 At her approach, the *Bird* forgets to fly,
 The *Fish* to swim, the yelping *Hound* to cry;
 The Mountains fall, Old Ocean stops his Urn;
 All Nature shakes, the Stars forget to burn;
 Heav'n, Hell, and Earth are ravag'd with her Flame;
 Bow down, ye Nations, to her dreadful Name;
 Ten thousand Spirits round her Foot-stool wait,
 And Hissing bear the destin'd Nation's Fate:
 Above the rest, conspicuously rais'd,
 Her Fav'rites sit, by vocal Spirits prais'd;
 Boldly they strike the Harps harmonious String,
 While spreading Notes around the Temple ring.

High on a Beam, where ill-got Riches stand,
 (With a bent Back, dim Eyes, and shaking Hand,)
 The Curse of Age! Infatiate AV'RICE sits,
 And racks, eternally, for Gold his Wits,
 In vain the Widow's Cry! the Orphan's Tear!
 The Path of Pity leads not through his Ear!
 Starving he shakes amidst his boundless Store!
 And damn'd with ALL, profoundly sighs for more.

HERE swelling PRIDE, his waxen Pinnions tries,
 And tow'ring to the Roof, in mimick Grandeur flies;
 Then scornful views each dreadful Fiend below,
 In Mind a God! from Gods his Titles flow!

'Midst

'Midst Choirs of Angels, now sublime he sings,
 Whilst wond'ring Cherubs clap their heav'nly Wings !
 Fir'd at the Sight, he springs to Instant War !
 Hurls the dread Thund'rer rattling from his Car !
 Furious he mounts !—Whirls round th'adoring Skies
 Tir'd of the old, and a new Heav'n descries.

A N Ebon Spire here strikes the sick'ning Sight,
 (Envelop'd in a Cloud of Sable Night)
 Eternal Poisons hang around its Sides,
 And hissing to the Top the crested Serpent Glides ;
 Fell ENVY there, with Hell-born Grief oppress'd,
 Spits forth the Venom of her Ranc'rous Breast ;
 Beneath her Feet, a mimick Globe is seen,
 Rolling, and clad in everlasting Green ;
 Herbs, Plants, and Trees in various Order rise,
 Here Valleys fall ! these Mountains prop the Skies ;
 Here circling Streams in gay Mæanders roll !
 There *Neptune* Thunders to the distant Pole ;
 Here Armies march ! there sailing Navies steer !
 Whole Nations rise ! and all her Climes appear ;
 See how she smiles at *Rome's* unworthy Fall,
 Now scarce a Name, dread Empress once of ALL !
 How weeps to see, the warlike *Turk* arise,
 Rave round the Globe, and soar into the Skies !
 How darts her Eyes on *Albion's* happy Coast !
Albion, fair *Plenty's* Throne, and *Neptune's* boast !
 Down rush the Tears, her Snakes their Hiss begin,
 All Hell re-echoes to the horrid din ;
 Amaz'd the Goddess startled on her Throne,
 When *Envy* thus---Loud Thunder rattled in her Tone.

SAY Hell ! by whom the Hours unborn are seen,
 Shall she for ever reign the Oceans Queen ?
 Shall she, above all other Nations blest,
 Withstand my Rage, and Time's devouring Test ?
 When the vast *Pyramids* that brav'd the Sky,
 Hurl'd from their Base in pond'rous Ruins lye ;
 When Gods descending weep on *Memphis' Shore*,
 Their *Egypt* fall'n and all her Kings no more,

Shall

Shall she, sustain'd by GEORGE for ever reign
Great Terror of the Land, and Empress of the Main.

SEE lofty ILLION, tow'ring in her Pride,
The Toil of Gods ! her Sons to Gods ally'd !
Pour her vast Armies o'er th'embattled plain,
And Nations fall, beneath their onset slain !
Smiling she hears the threat'ning Voice from far,
While Pow'rs immortal, round her Ramparts War,
Yet see e'en her, in smoaky Ruins lie,
And gazing Gods lean weeping o'er the Sky.

GREECE, like her Conquests, heard th'avenging Word,
In vain the whistling Spear, and brandish'd Sword !
In vain the Courser and the rapid Car,
The resolute Defence, and well-rankt War !
Fate gave the Nod ! her slaughter'd Armies fell,
And Nations in a Groan rush'd down to Hell !
Headlong her Tow'rs roll'd o'er the lab'ring Ground,
While Foes, triumphant, liv'd upon the Sound !
Not all her Pow'rs, MARS ! JUNO ! PALLAS ! JOVE !
Could stay my Arm, though all in Concert strove.

SUPERIOR *Rome*, the Scourge of lawless Pow'r,
In all her Glories met the destin'd Hour !
Ten thousand Nations broke their brazen Bands,
And arm'd for LIBERTY their warlike Hands ;
Furious they rush'd, amidst th'embattled Foe,
And hurl'd 'em Thund'ring to the Realms below.
Her sev'n Hills leapt, beneath their pond'rous Load,
And GODS, affrighted, left their great Abode ;
BRITANNIA then, her growing Strength essay'd,
Hear all ye distant Poles ! (the Goddess said)
Seated by JOVE, amidst the wat'ry Main,
I claim its Sway !—Let World's dispute my Reign ;
Then furious whirl'd, th'immortal Trident round,
Nations approv'd, and ANGELS caught the sound ;
FATE grav'd the Words in her mysterious Page,
“ Triumph o'er Worlds, secure from civil Rage !”

How oft her Sons by FACTIONS Sword have bled,
 And Crowns stood tott'ring on her Monarch's Head;
 How oft has Hell her Plains with Transport view'd,
 And Furies strung their Harps for Worlds subdu'd;
 Yet clos'd again, she graspt her antient Sway,
 And thund'ring bade th'astonish'd World obey:
 Hope still remain'd while MARS their Bosom's fir'd,
 And mad Enthusiasm, ev'ry Breast inspir'd!
 Then BRUNSWICK rose! MARS from her Summits fell!
 Plung'd through the Waves, and sought his Empire Hell!
 Here fixt he howls! and mourns the absent Skies!
 Doom'd by superior Force no more to rise!
 Degraded now, no more, our Names are heard,
 MONOPOLIZA sinks, and BRITAIN's only fear'd.
 Rouze then to Arms! Each Hell-born Pow'r Effay!
 Tis ours to War---Let *Fortune* crown the Day!
 She ceas'd---Loud shouts around the Temple rung,
 When AV'RIE arose, and thus the Wretch begun;
 Queen of the Mighty *All*, whose Soul disdains,
 To barter for the baser PART of Gains,
 Hear thy old, faithful Servant, once more speak,
 Nor let his Interest his Reasons break,
 Since All whose Souls, eternal Longings know
 For one dear Thing, on Earth, or Hell below,
 Catch but the Spark from thee, to thee it still returns,
 And thou alone with universal Longing burns.

TRUE mighty Queen, our Efforts still were vain,
 Still BRITAIN roll'd her Thunders o'er the Main,
 Still TYRANNY forbore, his Bow to twang,
 Still did the Beam of Pow'r, suspended hang,
 Like well-match'd Steeds they rusht amidst the Foe,
 Nor this too proudly high, nor that too low,
The Cause?---Ye Fiends, and thou Oh mighty Queen!
 Know that the Cause by these dim Eyes is seen!
 Look round the limpid Stream, the sportive Field,
 See 'em to ev'ry Slave, their Tribute yield;
 No wonder *Plenty* o'er the Land prevails,
 And *Avarice* with all his Magick fails,

For

[41]

For blest with these the Farmer lives secure,
And Tradesmen ev'ry blast of Fate endure.

METHINKS I see the Slaves their Food pursue,
Skim o'er the Plains, and half-past Mountains view,
See 'em like Dogs devour the smoaking Hare,
Should any ask 'em why? They'll say they dare.
Rouze then thyself! be this the *Consuls* Food,
Let *Consuls* reign sole Tyrants of the Wood;
Be theirs the Bird, the Hare enrich'd with Furs,
Theirs be the *Honour*, and the *Produce* theirs.
How great the Gains! whilst Trademen's Wealth shall last,
And present Tortures paint their Pleasures past;
To feed their Lust, or pregnant Matrons bless,
They'll think this PARTRIDGE more, that GUINEA less;
Thus ruin'd *with*, and Starv'd, *without* its Aid,
They'll Shake, at ev'ry CONSUL's frown afraid;
Then mighty Queen, their boasted Pow'r must fall,
And BRITAIN rule no more, the Glorious Ball;
He said---Not *Neptune's* hoarse, resounding Cry,
Or *Thunders* rattling through th'echoing Sky,
Or *Wars* Loud Din, e'er made such boist'rous Noise,
As when the Furies gave, their dread Applause;
When Swelling on her Throne, the Pow'r of *Pride*!
Attention claim'd, and thus the Fury cry'd!
Oft hast thou heard me, AV'rice speak of this,
Yet Even now, thou Shew'st but half our Bliss!
When first presuming MAN, dar'd to invade,
The Sacred Fruit, for *Heav'n* and *Angels* made,
Justly WE Doom'd him, everlasting Pain,
The *Fruit* nor *Happiness*, no more to Gain;
Shall then these SLAVES, invade the Sacred SPORT?
Feed Starving Brats, to Rob a Well-drest Court?
Curst be the thought! on Dunghills let 'em lie,
On Carrion Feed, rot, starve, and stinking Die;
Ee'r such Dishonour, blasts the CONSULS Name,
Or Damns the *Vulgar*, to a length of Fame;
Now by the glorious Honours of my Brow,
Those stars to whom Ten Thousand Nations bow,

Fate

Fate rolls the Scene before my ravish'd Eyes,
Slaves, Footmen, Consuls, All in Order rise,
 See yonder Slave like Laz'rous begging sit;
 Young *Ammon* here, and here the Man of Wit;
 Lo *Tarquin* spurns 'em from his unpaid Car,
 Swift fly the Steeds and *Monsieurs* grin from far;
 Oh Extacy! Avaunt ye Slaves! be gone!
 And thou great Beam of Pow'r, to Hell bow down!
 Tell it ye Thunders to th'affrighted Shore,
CONSULS prevail, and L--B---TY's no more!
 Ceasing she cast, a gloomy Frown around,
 Loud roar'd the Fiends! Hell trembled at the Sound!

Now awful Silence dwelt on ev'ry Tongue,
 Mute lay the Snakes, and ev'ry Harp unstrung!
 When rising from her Throne th'enormous Fiend,
 To list'ning Furies thus disclos'd her Mind;

Oh think! what Torments rackt my glowing Soul,
 Stung through each Vien, and agoniz'd the Whole,
 When Heav'n-born PLENTY dar'd assert her Pow'r,
 And BRUNSWICK o'er each Plain his Blessings show'r,
 When raz'd by him, no more our Altars blaz'd,
 And GEORGE and PLENTY rescu'd Britons prais'd;
 Each doubtful Project rul'd by turns my Mind,
 They came, they went, in Change outstript the Wind:
 But you kind Guardians, of my tott'ring State
 Have rescu'd All from the fierce Hand of Fate;
 Now smiling Joy with all his jovial Train,
 Springs to my Arms and fires my Soul again!
 Elate I sit amidst eternal Night,
 And view my Conquests o'er the Realms of Light,
 The Source of all our Ills, by you's disclos'd,
 Hear from your Queen how it's to be oppos'd;
 In BRITAIN blest'd with PRIDE, a great Estate!
 The haughty CRÆSUS dwells, firmam'd the GREAT!
 In Purple Pomp he stalks along the Room,
 And frowning Speaks each petty *Tradesman's* Doom,
 Keen ranc'rous Hate, his haughty Bosom fires,
 And thou Great AVARICE his Soul inspires.

No

[II]

No Ties of Nature humanize his Heart,
 But Hell breaths Horror through each Marble part.
 To him, Let our PANDORA quickly fly !
 Rouze his fierce Soul ! and all the Herd defy !
 Each dreadful Plague, be in this Phial hurl'd
 To damn with new-born Woes th'affrighted World ;
 Be these infus'd in CRÆSUS' haughty Breast,
 And PLENTY sink beneath his Wrath oppress'd !
 By CRÆSUS rous'd each *Consul's* fiery Heart,
 Shall War for us, and act a noble Part !
 Then shall our Sons in new-made SENATE's shine,
 And starve the Slaves, whose Voices made them *Fine* !
 Then *France* and *Spain*, shall rear their hostile Arm,
 And BRITAIN glow with her own Flames made warm,
 Then, then, ye Fiends, the glorious *Æra* comes,
 When BRITAIN'S Spoils shall bless these longing Domes !
 Their Error then, her groaning Chiefs shall see,
 Curse their own PRIDE, their AVARICE and ME !
 Too late, too late, the glaring Truth shall know,
 " Freedom's the Strength of ev'ry State below.
 She said---To Earth the fell PANDORA flew.
 The Senate hail'd their Queen, and then withdrew ;
 In circling Joys they pass the Hours away,
 And each in Fancy grasps a British Prey.

The End of the first BOOK.

